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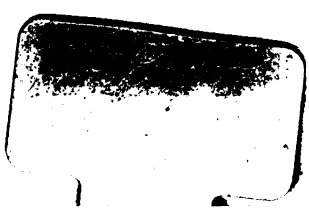

★ Publishers Weekly

May 31 06

MUSINGS AND MEMORIES

6.12.06

Musings and Memories

By
Timothy Edward Howard

Chicago
The Lakeside Press
1905

THE NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY
P 175725
ASTOR, LENOX AND
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS
1906

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Chimes at Midnight

Beauty's spirit lingers
O'er the spot I love.
Well I know that angel fingers
Paint the blue above.
There the Choirs listen
To the vesper song,
While the quiet planets glisten,
Floating far along,—
Listen to these chiming
Praises of the Lamb,
Throbbing, joyous, from the rhyming
Bells of Notre Dame.

Swell, ye sounds, caressing,
On the midnight air;
All this silence, bathed in blessing,
Wake to God and prayer.
Wearied man is sleeping
From the toilsome day,
Tune the soft dreams o'er him creeping;
Music, watch and pray.

Lo, the forest, looming
On the distant calm,
Echoes back your silvery booming,
Bells of Notre Dame.

When the morning lightens
On the eastern sky,
And the spire-top glows and brightens,
As the sun rolls nigh,
Shed your peals to duty
O'er the earth impearled;
Give to rosy, sparkling beauty
Tongue to rouse the world;
As your songs of gladness,
Matin hymn and psalm,
Wake our souls from gloom and sadness,
Bells of Notre Dame.

The Hidden Star

The patient gaze brings out the star,
That, like an eye,
Set in the sky,
Its sweet light shedding from afar,
At morning dawn, and still at even,
The night alway,
And live-long day,
Bright twinkles ever, deep in heaven.

Thy steadfast prayer so reacheth Love,
Which, like the star,
Seeming so far,
Its glad help sending from above,
To youth's fair dream, and memory's smart,
To grief's sad moan,
And joy's sweet tone,
Aye burns for us, deep in God's heart.

In October

It comes again, that subtle force,
Stealing in air, and stream and grove;
Purples the water's winding course,
And paints the woods as poets love.

The liquid heaven, in depths of blue,
Broods over hills of mist and gold,
O'er sleeping vales of crimson hue,
Orange and green, and tints untold.

'T is beauteous death, so placid, grand,
Doth send before her flush of pride,
Doth fling her banners o'er the land,
Triumphing ere her lance is tried.

These gorgeous trappings deck the tomb,
And hide its yawning from the eye;
The victims, crowned in flowers, come,
And move in pomp, all stately, by.

The splendor of the coming storm,
The glory of the setting sun,
The comeliness of age's form,—
Such garniture hath death put on.

And doth this shame our sable show,
Our funeral cortége, plumes and weeds?—
World-conquering Rome did never know
Triumph superb as death here leads,—

Endless procession, royal-robed,
All wailing hushed to dreamy rapture,—
Hath none the godlike secret probed,
And none of such strange joy made capture?

O doubter, lift thy darkened brow
To this fair Nature! Sweet her May;
But as a bride she blushes now,
That seeks her rest at close of day.

Ah, she hath never sinned or sorrowed,
She hath the primal purity;
Her flush from the vernal sun is borrowed,
And her Eden life again shall be!

Over the Leaves

Dripping with mist and dew,
    The last brown leaves drop, one by one;
And glistening tears do fall,
And sylvan creatures sigh:
    The glory of the world is gone.

The sun moves red and dull,
    Save, fitfully, the sad wind sweeps
Athwart his shrouded face,
And lifts his vapory veil,
    When earth looks up, and smiles and weeps.

Measured, and low, and far,
    The church bell sounds upon the ear:
The scene hath found a voice,
A fitting tongue to wake
    The knell of this poor passing year.

It is the Day of Souls:
The dead are with the dead to-day,
Save glimpse of heaven's dear light.
So nature's sympathy
Is with us, while we weep and pray.

The Indian Summer

Scarce touched with the faintest chill of death,
The full, fair Indian Summer comes.
By morning draped in hoary breath;
Her noonday robes of strange perfumes;
At even trailing weird-like shades;
O'er midnight still her beauty looms;
As ever, through fields and opening glades,
She drives the dark November glooms.

Not yet, she cries to the winter wind;
Not yet, to the frosty starlight clear;
Not yet, to the northern snows that blind;
Not yet, not yet, while I linger near!
How vain the cold, cold phantoms surge,
While the Queen of Autumn shakes her spear,
And smiles, despite their mournful dirge,
Last, lovely smile of the dying year!

Fair image of life's departing hour,
When days well spent have brought the soul

To smile, supreme, at the utmost power
That fiend or phantom can control.
And shalt thou smile, serene, erect,
Though death's dark shades begin to roll;
And shall that hour for thee be flecked
With flashes from the spirit's goal?

Bold thought, that man, like nature, pure,
Should smile when he comes, at last, to die,
Or deem his future glory sure
As that which waits the spring's warm sigh!
Ye heavenly friends that guard frail men
When the muttering fiends of air press nigh,
And the darkness grows, O guide us then
Till God's true summer beams on high.

Fine Days in March

How soon we glide to summer's balmy prime!
To-day is redolent of airs of June;
We 've bounded o'er the spring-days' chilling time,
And passed from bracing frosts to drowsy noon.

'T is but a few short days I walked the lake,
And now the waters ripple on the shore;
Save, here and there, their dashings nimbly break
Along the icy shoals, in mimic roar.

The enamored sun sends down his hazy beams,
To kiss the new-born waves, and glass his form
Where bright they roll, and the dimpled blue but seems
His loved ethereal, from heaven warm.

The awkward woods are hushed, in strange
suspense,
As though their wildered forms had roused
too late;
And the silent birds slow hop from branch to
fence,
And, peering, wonder why this summer
state.

And e'en the curious eye of reason turns.
To seek the fragrance-breathing meadow
lands,—
The glittering streams,—the hills, where noon-
day burns,—
And forests, swelling green, in giant
bands,—

The yellow-turning fields of waving wheat,—
The dark-green maize, now silvered by the
breeze,
Now drinking deep the sun's enriching heat,—
The clover-wading herds,—the shady
trees,—

The white-rowed mowers, down the sweltering
vale,—
The hay-load, moving stately to the barn,—
The pleasure-boat, with drowsy-flapping sail,—
All floating on, as dreams of summer's
morn.

But soon the breath of lion-hearted March
Dispels the glowing vision, and a chill
Forebodes dark days ere summer's sun will
parch;
For the prince of bitter winds is with us
still.

There is a Land

There is a land within my dream
That never was before mine eye,
Whose outlines clear but then do seem,
And from my waking vision fly.

In vain doth faithful memory
Look o'er her pictures, one by one;
That fair, sweet land she may not see
Which sleep so oft hath mused upon.

A listless village straggles there,
All weather-worn, and still and gray;
Yet haunted with a witchery rare,
Soft basking in the summer day.

Long winding streets, the grass half-browned;
Outlying lots, o'ergrown and waste;
Hard by, a wood, with bleached logs found,
And mossy tombs, well-nigh effaced.

Beyond, a ridge of glorious hills,
High stretching in the golden sun;
Their oaken crown my vision fills,
As o'er their crest my rapt eyes run.

Far down, a mighty landscape spreads;
A shining river close below;
While, over all, the charmed air sheds
A sweetness earth may never know.

Echoes no voice that land of lull,
Yet fascinates as some sweet home;
Silent, and strange, and beautiful,
Mine own, at will, to go and come.

O blessed night, which opens wide
The portals to that land of dreams;
More real far I there abide,
The day it is which only seems.

And when my night grows endless day,
The God-lit day that is to be,
E'en then, meseems, at times I 'll stray,
In heavenly bound, that land to see,

The Old Church

But . . . the chief of the Fathers and the Ancients, who had seen the former Temple, . . . wept with a loud voice.

Esdras iii. 12.

Stick by stick, and brick by brick,
With rope and saw, with hammer and pick,
They have taken the old church down.

Ah, rude was the work, though gently done,
And sad was the triumph the workman won,
When the dear old walls were down.

And many a string of the soul and the heart,
In sorrow and pain, was forced apart,
When the loved and the old came down.

No more the altar, chaste and bright,
Shall lift to heaven its blessèd light:
Altar and lights are down.

Nor breath of flowers, nor incense rare,
Comes to us on the expectant air,
While bowed, in reverence, down.

The tabernacle, home of Love,
Sweet seraph rest of the heavenly Dove,
Alas, that, too, is down;

No more the eye is fastened there,
The spirit rapt in silent prayer,—
Alas, alas, 'tis down!

Around the walls, no more shall we
The sad procession, sorrowing, see:
The stations all are down.

The Christ no more upon the cross,
Winning us from our fearful loss,
Shall hang, in suffering, down.

Her speechless grief no more alarms,
Dead to all but the Dead in her arms,
As she looks, in agony, down.

Where Spalding, Purcell, Smarius preached,
Whence grace, so oft, our poor souls reached,
The pulpit old is down.

The rich-toned organ now no more
Shall swell and echo, o'er and o'er:
The golden pipes are down.

And purple light, in wave on wave,
No more, through transept and through nave,
Shall come, in glory, down.

The Godlike eye that gazed on high,
As if our inmost soul 't would spy,
Shall look no longer down;

And many an eye of blessèd priest,
Like that kind eye, its look has ceased,
And the voice no more comes down.

Gone, too, the font, and the stool, and the rail,
Where bishop and priest to the sinner pale
Brought heaven lovingly down.

Aye, gone are our hearts with the blissful days
When we knelt in those aisles for prayer and
praise,—
Gone, with their memory, down.

The temple, rising, stately, grand,
Will shine more splendid o'er the land
Than that which now is down;

But we, remembering, still shall thirst
For the beauty and glory of the first,
The church they have taken down.

Failure

Aye, misery! To grasp for wealth,
And live bereft of peace and health;

To seek, from every source, the gold
That weighs him down as he grows old;

To pinch his children from their birth,
And chill the widow's darkened hearth;

To cramp his own poor heart and mind,—
Yet ever lose the joy he 'd find!

Poor fisherman, to load still more,
And sink, self-wrecked, in sight of shore!

Sad Inca, in his gold entombed,
The higher piled the surer doomed!

The Quest

And thou wouldst live forever, poet soul,
In love of human kind. What must thou do?
Scan all the years, and seek whose worth is true,—
Not those mere forms that with the ages roll;
Then say what rests of fame, from pole to pole?
Names faint or fading, save a fadeless few,
Like rare Etruscan colors, ever new;
Shapes vague or dulled, save, out the misty whole,
Some shine, as shines the sun-crowned mountain peak,
Remote, whence flow a thousand generous streams;
Some glow as morn or even, or blushing cheek
Of one beloved, or angels known in dreams:
And these in beauteous human phrases speak,
While nature, love, religion are the themes.

In Silence

How fleet the years, and yet 't is long ago
I wept a child; if child, indeed, I were,
Dark-browed and lone, all else so blithe and fair.
Yes, twenty-three to-night. Full fast ye flow;
But mine the bitterness of all your woe.
Poor fond ones, patting still the shaggy hair,
Saw ye the pain that trembled on despair;
Or ever dreamed the silent anguish throe
That wrung, so oft, the trusting, hard-tried heart?
Ye never knew, in winter-pillowed tears,
The sad, sad prayer, that God, in love, impart
Brave strength to wait the far-off manhood years,
When taunting, bully wrong should slink apart,
And boy-hoped greatness, pitying, scorn their jeers.

Released

All Saints', to-day; to-morrow is All Souls':
To-morrow, blessèd soul, I pray for thee;
To-day, O sainted spirit, pray for me.
One day—what years one day of life controls!
My round eternity on that day rolls—
One day we prayed together, my bent knee
Before thee, thy hand raised to make me free;
When, as though Moses, mercy wrath withholds,
And brings me, sad and weak, God's strength and joy.
Ah, well I mind me, how sweet thanks arose
As my full heart did thy blest words employ;
And, after,—thou marked not the eager boy—
How thrilled thy chance enquiry! Heaven knows
The blessèd bond there formed: Heaven will disclose.

The Invitation

The balmy May is breathing on the air;
The rich, red sun sinks slowly down the west;
Come forth, dear soul, and be an honored guest.
One doth invite thee to His house all fair;
One great and good, this eve, doth wait thee there.
Nay, nay, not any friend whose hand hath pressed,
So oft, thine own; not sage nor hero blest,
Of happiest clime: a nobler friendship share.
Ah, no! No poet doth such kindness move;
Nor wise, nor good, nor grand, nor holy, whom
The race reveres. A better Friend would prove
His truth; a greater asks thee to His home:
Within the tabernacle of His love,
The Lord of Heaven awaits thee; wilt thou come?

Anniversary

This is the room, and there the landscape spreads:
That summer comes to me, that eve returns;
But not the friend for whom my bosom yearns.
And yet, within, without, his presence sheds
Soft radiance. Arm in arm, once more, he treads
With me these buoyant airs. My spirit burns,
As, fed anew by his fine thought, she spurns
These lower things, ignoble fears and dreads,
And rises, flame and flame, to his high life.
That mystic evening, while upon this scene
We mused together, weak from doubt and strife,
I caught his joyous faith, his hope serene:
Who gives me life, he said, and love and all;
Him will I trust, to His arms gladly fall.

Consoled

My heart has wandered in the chilly air,
Circling about my lady's gentle flame,
Which ever sweetly glowed; yea, glowed the same
When I was near, and when, in mute despair,
I turned away, to ease the pain wrought there.
How fearful thrilled the sound of her dear name!
Alas, poor heart, 't would struggle hard to tame
The wildered love it bore my lady fair.
But I have known a happiness to-day
As sweet as all was bitter, and a balm
Has soothed my cruel wounds; a gentle play
Of thought is mine, a dear delicious calm:
For, faint with joy, I saw the sweet light shine,
While her bright eyes were trembling into mine.

Our Eden

Upon a soft, autumnal August day,
A tranquil, happy Sunday afternoon,
To me, earth-born, came heaven's darling boon.
By fields all odorous of the recent hay,
Through bending orchards, laughed the fair and gay;
While leaf and fruit glanced bright from eyes of June,
And the meadows brown rang out with youth's glad tune.
'T was May in the Autumn, lovely buoyant May.
Amain the rosy apples, shot by love,
From rosy fingers flew. The orchard's store
Had one alone for me; that her hand bore.
So Adam fell, his great true heart to prove;
And so did I arise to bliss above!
Fair, blushing fruit, love's dart sped in thy core.

Waxing and Waning

We stood by the gate, and looked into the west,
Where the silvery crescent shone in the soft twilight.
With the dim, gray globe close clasped in the horns so bright,
And she said: Lo, the eve comes on; see the old moon rest,
Now tired, in those youthful arms, so lovingly pressed.
Dear daughter, I said, will your arms be wound so tight
Round your father, weary and old, when the stilly night
Comes on apace; and his arms, which so caressed
Your youth, grow palsied, and his eye grows dim
As yonder ashy moon? Ah, you shall grow

In maiden grace and beauty; but to him
What then will his daughter be? A dewy glow
Was in her upturned eyes, a murmur low
In my ear, and the moon on her clasped arms so slim.

The Portrait

Gregori, 't is, in truth, an art divine,
Thus, on the blank and silent wall, to wake
These speaking human features; yea, to take
The semblance of the spirit's inner shine,
And touch, with daring hand, the very line
Which parts unseen and seen. It is to make
A work most like the dread Creator's. Ache
Of eye or brain, nor toil, in thy design
Appears, but artless ease, and life and grace;
As if it were the unconscious growth of warm Reality.
Yet ever lurks some charm
Of art, half hidden touch, where still we trace
The seeming presence of the absent face.
So canst thou nature's double deftly form.

Eugene Aram

Unwholesome book, 't were well I left thee in
That twilight garret, silent, with thy fit
Companions, cobweb, mold and dust. Now flit,
So long unwaked, the morbid shapes of sin
And suffering, cant and self. The hideous din
Of intellectual jargon, hollow, pit—
Like notes of empty science, at length remit
Their sleep upon the musty page, and win
New lease of life in my perturbèd brain.
Thrice, titled author, have I sought for ease
In thy dark scenes and silken mysteries:
A soulless mind, a stifled city, pain
That hath no sweetness; now this worst. Again,
Or good or ill, alike deformities.

Aristos

'T was needful, Sherman said, that Shiloh's shock
Of arms should come, when men unflinching stood,
E'en to the shedding of the warm, red blood.
But this the test? Then, Greek, no longer mock
To seek a man in all the human flock.
When powers threaten, and dangers round him flood,
One touchstone tries the hero, proves him good:
Myriads may smite, may hiss him to the block;
All aid of earth, yea heaven's, may seem to fail;
But strong, at ease, still smiling unto death,
Forth shall he come, serene; nor blanch nor quail.
Dear life he yields, not truth, nor right, nor faith.
So doth this purest, noblest, rise and soar:
Lo, twice-blest Alamo! Lo, Thomas More.

Convalescent

I

Through the open hall door comes a balm to my pain;
For the fresh winds of morning are fanning my brain;
And hilarity, borne from the groups on the porch,
Tells the wounded and dying there's joy in the world;
As there will be while life has a spark in his torch,
Though ten thousand an hour were to Tartarus hurled.

Ah, now I can see them. Two sit on the step;
And one leans by a column; one plucks at the nep
That is growing beneath; and two, I am sure,
Are talking of home; their voice is so pure,
And so low, that no soldier could ever mistake;
Such tones the loved only and absent may wake.

And some are more boisterous, telling of fight,
And the way that we put the bold foemen to flight.
How their eyes are now flashing, those gallant young boys.
Hear great Indiana and grand Illinois,
Minnesota and Iowa, Kansas afar,
Ohio and Michigan, boasting of war.

And dark-haired Missouri, now joined in the fray,
With a twinkle in his eye, as he sits on the plinth,
Says, we nearly were granted and prenticed that day
To the Southmen, with Beauregard, hot from Corinth.

So the brave, mellow lads while away the bright morn;
And their stories recounting, their deeds are new born.
So they live the brave battle all over again,
Or whisper of firesides, for still they are men.

II

And I am better, too, at length.
Kind heaven daily gives me strength;
And now I long to tread the grass,
    To look upon the trees and skies,
To jostle people as they pass,
    And catch the friendship of their eyes.

Dear God, how long within this ward
I wait, where death still stands on guard;
Where still o'erhead, and down the stair,
The shuffling feet their burden bear,—
Some farmer boy that bravely died,
With kindly strangers at his side.

And I? Nay, then, I 'll not repine;
But pain shall still my soul refine;
Though long, so long, this cot I keep,
With bandaged wound, and feverish sleep,
And utter weakness, unto death—
The quivering eye, the feeble breath.

Yes, I am thankful. Maimed and dead
Have rested here, on many a bed;

But life and limb to me are spared,
And faithful hands for me have cared.
And now, this heaven-like morn of May,
Comes laughing life from death's decay;
While breath of flowers, and limpid air,
And songs of birds, my gladness share.

The lengthened miles before me lie,
Where the rushing train full soon shall hie.
And I shall walk the well-known street,
Where every sod my foot shall greet;
And I shall lift the dear old latch,
Where glistening eyes for me do watch;
And I shall stand in the open door,
Where welcome waits me, o'er and o'er.

L'Amerique

Disabled! 'T is a boding word
That o'er the sobbing seas is heard,
A word of ill, of worse to warn,
That on November's gale is borne:
The great ship laboring with the wave,
Her engines silent as the grave,
Her bulk unwieldy under sail,—
Ah, shall that slender aid avail?

Now are we weak. At length, at length,
We learn how feeble human strength.

Helpless toss those well-loved souls,
Where wide Atlantic mighty rolls,
Where deeps unknown beneath them glide,
And nameless horrors ever hide.

Helpless, not hopeless, gracious Heaven,
To Jesus' care, all trustful, given;

Come He to take, or rise to save;
To walk upon, or swell the wave.

To Thee, dear Lord, they turn; to thee
O gentle Lady of the Sea!

Behold, what piteous watch they keep,
Still blessing God, while dangers sleep;
Still asking aid, when they appear,
When storm or rock come over near:
Praying ever, cloud or sun,
Thy will, O Lord, be always done.

And we, like children of Thy care,
Helpless but thus, lift up our prayer,
For them so dear to us, to Thee,
So weak upon Thy fearful sea.

Strong Lord of Ocean, guide the prow;
Star of the Sea, O light them now!
So may we trust the wished for haven
Shall know their thanks for safety given;
So may we trust, one day, that we
The loved, the good, again shall see.

The Stricken Ash

I

Three ash trees, light and trim,
For many years together,
Growing tall and slim,
Had blessed our summer weather.

And maidens, wistfully,
Would lift their wondrous lashes,
And say, 'T would pity be
Aught harmed those graceful ashes.

There, many a morn in May,
High on the topmost branches,
The thrush his roundelay
Through all the valley launches.

While, tired upon the grass,
Some trudging little sinner
Seeks rest in that sweet place,
While tugging papa's dinner.

II

But once the cold, too deep,
Into the heart did enter,
And a fair ash numbed to sleep,
Down to life's mystic center.

And when the Spring was seen
To call her children, cheery,
Two trees came forth in green,
And one stood gray and dreary.

And the maidens sighed, Alas!
And the thrush's note was mournful;
But the urchin on the grass
Looked up in manner scornful.

III

Yet again the kindly heat
Went down with an August shower,
And the smitten root did greet
With its heaven-brought healing power.

And life again did shout,
And the sap went up in glory;
And the fluttering leaves came out,
To tell the marvelous story.

Then did the sister trees
Grow deeper green for gladness,
As they rustled every breeze,
In the ecstatic madness.

And when again was seen
Spring piping out so cheery,
Three trees came forth in green,
While none stood gray and dreary.

And the maidens clapped their hands;
Trilled loud the peerless songster;
But, gazing on the sands,
Unconscious trudged the youngster.

IV

'T is done. Each graceful limb
No more its wreath shall gather;

Grow strong in winter grim,
Or gay in summer weather.

The restless youth looks up,
His eye dim future showing:
Ah, then 't was green! My cup
Of bliss was overflowing.

Fair ladies' pensive eyes
No more shall gaze thereon;
The thrush's sweet surprise
From those dead limbs is gone.

Not cold that life could smite,
With keenest lance of zero;
'T was heat, with subtler might,
Too ardent, ruthless hero.

Heart, proved in deadly strife,
More deadly friendship shivered;
And warmth that wooed to life,
Excessive grown, has withered.

Halcyon Days

Little Lady, dwelling
Where the woods are swelling,
In the misty distance,

How my eyes will wander
O'er that landscape tender,
Where the smoke is curling;

While imagination
Clothes each dreamy station
With your dainty beauty.

Field and farmhouse, basking
In soft sunshine, masking
May-time in December;

Not in olden story
Ever castled glory
Rose in fairer vision;

Never gládsome hours
Blest in fairy bowers
Sweeter, brighter maiden.

Ah, transmuting splendor!
Beauty still may render
All this earthy golden.

More divine than human,
Pure and lovely woman
Moves in light celestial;

Light, through heaven's portals,
Kindly shed on mortals,
For her blessed presence.

Still then, Lady, given
Earth to mate with heaven,
Walk in grace and beauty.

Dwell within your Eden,
Though I be forbidden
There to gaze or enter.

Live for others' gladness,
I, too, freed from sadness,
You so all things brighten.

Lucile

Shall I give you, dear Lady, the impressions I feel,
While returning the volume you lent me, Lucile?

It was better our heroine never did wed
Either lover that sought her. In heart and in head,
Her station was higher; and she was too good,
And too noble, to sink to the plane where they stood.

The Briton was weak, and the Frenchman was wrong;
The crooked she straightened, the feeble made strong.
But herself, ah, far grander, a maiden of God,
Who walked in the pathway His footsteps had trod!

Most heroic of soul, strong, lofty, and pure,
All self is forgotten; and the joys that endure
Are hers evermore. So our spirits must feel
That the highest and best was the part of Lucile.

Better than They Knew

I

Since that good priest, Copernicus,
Swept out his orbits, thus and thus,
Since modern science first began,
Led by that childlike, godlikè man;
For centuries, the lord of day,
Rejoicing on his onward way,
Was deemed a central, moveless light,
Whose seeming motion cheats the sight.

But learning, doth the poet sing,
While feeble is a dangerous thing.
When science grew more old and wise,
A grander vision met her eyes,
A mightier pathway in the skies;
For a wider orbit then was found,
Out, out into the deep profound,
Wherein the sun is speeding on,
Forever, ever, to be gone,
Till suns and systems shall be none;

When God shall call their motions in,
And heaven's eternal rounds begin.

The science, thus, which had withdrawn
His daily motion from the sun,
More sublime motion did return,
Beyond where stars and systems burn.
His planet motion round the earth
To starry motion giveth birth.
The daily round was silvery prime;
The starry bound is golden time.

II

Ye, too, brave sires of eld, wise band,
Planning your scheme for freedom's land,
Like that great priest, Copernicus,
Swept out your orbits, thus and thus.
But, grand as was your primal thought,
And mighty as the end you sought,
Yet grander was God's own true plan:
More vast His work than you could scan.
While still the field oped to your view,

More rich and broad it daily grew,
And more was shown than erst you knew;
For, outward, onward, upward ran
The widening orbits of His plan,
As year by year revealed some sign
To unfold yet more His vast design.

How your great hearts with in you swelled,
This goodly state as you beheld;
How still our own with ardor glow,
As more we view than you could know;
While sons and daughters yet shall eye
Bliss our most gifted cannot spy.
For, in the future, as the past,
Each dawn breaks lightly from the last.
Our good to better ever ran,
And best will be where good began;
The new come ever from the old,
As silver glorified to gold.

And as the sun, more calm and grand,
Sweeps on his way, so our fair land,
The planet passed, her silvery prime,
Moves proudly on to golden time.

Forever be her march thus on,
Till man-marred systems shall be none;
Till, discord, doubt and wrangle past,
God's own true plan is know at last.

The Choice

Non usitata nec tenui ferar
Penna biformis per liquidum aethera
Vates.

Hor. Carm. II. XX.

Youth

O to chant the grander story,
And to muse the melting tale!
O to rouse the soul of glory,
And delight the happy vale!

Sweetest triumph, would the nations
Bow before my lofty song;
While my fancy's fair creations
Endless pleasures should prolong.

Ah, the joy, were my dear pages
Eager sought by young and old;
While, throughout the countless ages,
Fair and young my numbers told!

Mentor

Ever thus sweet Hope will wander
Up the glowing mount of fame;
Ere you follow, pause and ponder,
While she waves her luring flame.

Souls are blest that dwell more lowly,
Braving not the gaze of earth;
Where they lead a life all holy,
And the gentler joys have birth.

You may guide your kindred kindly
Through the rosy ways of life,
While the throngs are trampling blindly
Down the thorny paths of strife.

You may seek the feast of reason,
And enjoy the flow of soul,
Dearest friends in every season,
Peaceful age the blessed goal.

Nature spreads her rich attractions
O'er the earth and sea and sky;

Art, religion, man's great actions,
Food for mind and soul supply.

God in Heaven giveth vision
Of the better land beyond:
Good on earth, and joys elysian,
These shall sate those yearnings fond.

Youth

But to wake the hills and valleys
With the poet's sounding lyre!
Glory yet my spirit rallies;
I would breathe the sacred fire.

Nature, art and holy friendship,
Books and men shall give me aid,
Heaven itself will grant me kinship,
I would tell what God hath made.

I will dwell apart with heroes,
I will mate with saintly men:
God and nature ever near us,
I shall be more blessed then.

Humbled, chaste, my soul shall listen
To the chiming of the spheres;
Where, on high, His glories glisten,
As His throne the spirit nears.

Yes, ye bands of bright immortals,
Free throughout all space and time,
I would ope the grand old portals
Leading to your realms sublime.

Suns and starry worlds beneath you,
Lords of wisdom, light and air,
I would sip rare nectar with you,
I would taste ambrosia there.

There would feel exultant powers,
Lift me up the ethereal tide,
O'er your bright and airy towers,
Where the boldest plume is tried.

Mentor

Holiest helpers, lend assistance,
That he fail not in the flight:

Pride, away! In that grand distance,
Thou art dark as shades of night.

Faithful, pure and single-hearted,
He may soar on tireless wing;
Till the folds of light are parted,
Where the heavenly muses sing.

The Student

Alone, he toiled from vesper's fading light,
Till midnight boomed upon his startled ear;
And the distant, trampling traveler sent a thrill
Of loneliness that broke the tensioned might
Of long-continued thought, and chilly fear
Nigh curdled all his sense and crushed his will.

But, reason slowly waking, soon the cloud
Passed o'er him, and he breathed once more aloud.

And then, beneath the trembling taper's light,
He sought the mazy figures of the night;
And, as he glanced along the hard-wrought scroll,
He felt the life leap proudly in his soul:
For he had triumphed; and the conscious power
That throbbed within made glad the midnight hour.

By the Huron

Barker, friend, the olden time
To-night is looming o'er me;
And I seek the distant clime
Where summer blooms before thee.

Friendship's fine-wrought, golden chain
The gliding years but brighten;
Miles but tenser draw the strain
That truest hearts unite in.

Studious days we wrought as one,
Through realms of God and nature;
And the joy is never done
That fed our growing stature.

Glad along dark Huron's banks,
How often, you remember,
Summer glow and boyhood pranks
Made bone and sinew limber.

How we tumbled from the dam,
Where maddened surges pouring,
Swept us, as the struggling lamb
Is swept in the tempest's roaring.

Caught thence on the happy tide,
What joys might match our pleasure!
Sated, up the sun hill-side,
What dreams engaged our leisure!

And when Sunday morning came,—
Remember you those mornings,
All the east in soft rich flame,
All earth in June's adornings!

Arbor, then, across thy hills,
Full life our souls entrancing,
Wayward strayed our wanton wills,
Through perfumed groves advancing;

Till, as ceased the woodland choir,
How sweet the distant chiming
Rose from every glancing spire,
And closed our mountain climbing!

Those were days, my boyhood friend,
Would light the eye with pleasure,
Though misfortune's blighting fiend
Had touched the heart's last treasure.

Days and years have borne away
Dear books and sports, together;
But the heart is warm to-day,
As in that glowing weather;

And the spirit, fond, will turn
To trace those holy places,
Where we wandered, life's fair morn,
Nor sought for kindlier faces.

Steadfast nature will revere
The blessed ties of kinship,
But the noble hold as dear
The bonds of early friendship.

Then let sunlit lands a while
Be banished from thy thinking:
Memory lights her lovelier smile
O'er days in dreamland sinking.